

And So Winter Begins

by 14-DragonTamer-14

Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians

Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Suspense

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Jack Frost, Man in the Moon

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-03-18 23:03:59

Updated: 2013-03-22 03:12:22

Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:43:05

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 1,788

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Jack and his birth mother were being chased by nightmare horses, end up on an Island where guess who was banished. He is adopted by them and cared for but many other scary and suspenseful events happen. Read and see what Manny has in store for Jack.

(HiccupXRoman!OC)

1. Prologue

"Mama, where are we going?" a little boy asked as he was carried through the dark woods on horse back. His mother, a small brown-haired woman with blue eyes, rode behind him. Her face was panic-stricken and full of fear, eyes wide and skin pale. Behind them was snorts and angry whinnies of massive black stallions. The humongous black horses chased after them with big golden eyes and fierce black, shining hooves.

The woman looked down at her child with fear, "Don't worry, everything's going to be alright. You're going to be fine, _-son" she said wand was blurred out by the stamping of the black monsters' hooves.

The boy held onto his mother tightly, his eyes clouded with lack sleep. But suddenly, their horse fell and the two beings were thrown onto the earth where little grass grew. The woman trued to stand but fell back down infront of him with tears in her deep blue eyes. "_, run. Run as fast as you can" she told him, crying.

The little child whimpered and his eyes watered, "Mama, come on. Get up, please" he said, pulling on her arm. "No, sweetie, mama won't be with you anymore, you'll be alright. Please run" she sobbed then the snorts of the black creatures began to get louder. "RUN, !_ GO!" the woman yelled, urging him to escape. The little boy cried and backed up, "I love you, mama" he whispered, turned and ran away with only his brown cloak on his shoulders and the clothes on his back.

As her son ran away, the woman slowly started to waste away. Soon, the black beasts found her and she never did find her son. She was just happy that he was safe now. Now, they were in viking territory. The Island of Ash... There everything would be alright...

Or so she thought...

2. Ash

Dragons roared, drums boomed and horns screamed into the evening day. Crowds gathered around the monsterous caged arena. This is how I remember that day. Yells, death threats, tears and fights. But... I wouldn't trade that day for anything if it meant not fulfilling my destiny. At the time, I wasn't really sure if I would live to see tomorrow or die trying to escape. That day went alittle... like this...

"Kage! Kage!" I heard someone yell but in the large crowd I couldn't distinguish who was possibly trying to call for me. The whole dreadful day had been chaotic. I crash landed on my albino night fury, Jen, and was found by this viking tribe. I soon found out that the little island was named Berk. During the morning, I met the heir of the tribe, Hiccup. Even though, I was a captured Roman he didn't treat me some sort of slave like the others did.

Now, I was being dragged off by two large viking soldiers towards what they called The Pent. The Pent was where, I suspected, the tribe executed prisoners, traitors and Romans, since we have a harsh history with eachother. This is all happening because of our mistake. And when I say our, I mean Hiccup and I.

He had been visiting me since the day I was captured. Hiccup and I had become close friends, best friends even. But this was forbidden. It was frowned upon and so horrible that the penalty was death, immediately.

I, suddenly, was thrown onto the ground. Everyone around me was cheering, pleading and begging for the pleasant show of my death.

"Kage!" That voice again... Hiccup! I looked up to see him at the gate. He was frantically trying to open the metal door as every viking in the village laughed and pointed at me with fat, chubby fingers. Hiccup's dragon, Toothless, suddenly broke the strong gate with one blast of plasma, most to the crowd's astonishment and horror.

As this was unfolding, my executioner was starting to bring down his large, steel ax towards my neck. I closed my eyes tightly, bracing myself for the pain, but it never came. I heard the clank of metal against the dirt covered ground. I then heard the sound of my one and only viking friend. I raised my head, my eyes wide with shock.

'Is he... trying to protect me?' I thought as I stared up at my friend with surprise. He had pushed my executioner away and was now standing infront of me, defending his tribe off.

Our two dragons were a big help with that, flinging soldiers away. I watched for a moment but then noticed a large shadow standing behind

me. I could see his large hammer he held in his right hand.

The next thing I knew was that I was being held up by the chains around my torso and wrists. I know who the shadow was and I dared to even flinch. As I was suspended in the air, the soldiers of the tribe all stopped and stared in our direction. The mighty viking raised his hammer and brought it down onto my head, knocking me unconscious.

That's all I remember of my time on the winter-cursed island, because when I awoke, I was in a bed made of goose feathers and cotton. I was later told that Hiccup and I were banished from the isle of Berk...

"Ready?" I hear from behind me as arms make their way around my torso and waist. I slightly smile, turning around to face the person. "Yup" I say and quickly place a kiss on his cheek before escaping his hold and mounting my white dragon, Jen. The boy sighed and climbed onto his own black dragon, Toothless. I couldn't help fell guilty by the way he's feeling right now. Today is exactly a year since we were banished, since he was banished from his home.

"Hey... are you alright, Hiccup?" I asked worriedly, wishing I could cheer him up somehow. "Yes, I'm fine, don't worry, Kage" He would always say that. Whenever I ask him how he's feeling he always answers with that sentence. I sighed and looked down at my hands, trying to find some solution to his behavior but nothing revealed itself to me.

I really wish I know what was wrong with him. If I know then I wouldn't worry about him all the time and I would've already fixed the problem. I took a deep breath and let it out, listening to the trees sway back and forth and birds softly sing in the back ground. "Hic, you can always talk to me you know. You don't have to keep it to yourself all the time, okay?" I told him, still staring at my hands. I just didn't want to see him like this anymore...

I finally raised my head and found that he was staring at me with surprised eyes. And other thing he would do over and over. Then he nodded, "I just can't believe it's been a year already" He told me as we started to travel into the woods with our bows and arrows to find dinner.

During the lonely year, it was only the two of us on our own, together. Whenever we would star a conversation it would end awkwardly like last night when he asked what royalty was like in Rome. Yes, I am a runaway princess and yes, I am a traitor but I wanted to live my own life. Then whenever we, accidentally, touch hands it becomes awkward as well. But lastly, it would get really weird when we would occasionally lock eyes and stare at eachother for minutes on end. I would normally look away with hear radiating from cheeks. One time, about three months ago, we began to move closer to eachother until we softly softly kissed. This made me come back to reality, pulling back. I'm not sure why I was so flustered afterwards...

Now that I think about it, I don't think that it happened on accident...

I was suddenly hit in the face by Jen's tail, bringing me back to the present. We had stopped for some reason a few feet away from an oak tree. It wasn't silent either like it usually is. Someone was hear. And they still are.

Hiccups and sniffling sounds came from behind the tree. I hesitated for a moment but slowly got off Jen and approached the tree and the person behind it.

Then, I heard a twig snap under me and the crying sound stopped and ended with a gasp, "Hello?" came a little child's voice. He sounded heartbroken and lost, like he had undergo a horrible period of grief. I came a little closer and peeked around the large trunk. The child had brown hair, brown watery eyes, and peach pale skin. He wore a long sleeve white shirt, a brown vest over that and a little brown cloak, and brown pants. I noticed that he didn't have any shoes on either.

He looked up at me with wide eyes, full of fear and confusion. The child was merely five years old... I wonder where his mother is. "What's wrong?" I asked in a soft whisper. He sniffled and shuffled away from me only to bump into Hiccup. The child squeaked and looked at both of us with fear. "Don't be scared, we won't hurt you" I said truthfully, whispering softly and calmly.

The little boy sniffled and looked up at me, tears in her eyes. "My... My mama... I can't find her" he whimpered and whiped his eyes. I frowned and looked up at Hiccup then back at the little boy. He was clearly tired and hungry and by the look of him, he must be very scared.

I slowly knelt down in front of him, "What's your name, sweetie?" I asked him in a very calm and soft way. "Jackson O-overland" he sniffled and sat down. I sighed and looked up at Hiccup again then away, "Jack, you can some stay with us, okay?" I said, giving him a slight smile.

I heard Hiccup start to protest but I shook my head. "No, he's coming with us" I declared and looked back at Jack. "Do you want to come with us, Jack? I promise, we'll help you find your mom" I told him and smiled at him.

Suddenly, I felt small arms wrap around me. I looked down to see Jack hugging me with tears in his eyes. "Thank y-you..." he sniffled as he started to cry into my shoulder. As I hugged him back, I couldn't help but try to imagine finding his mother.

These woods contain some of the most fearsom creatures known to mankind. That's why it's called the Island of Ash.

End
file.